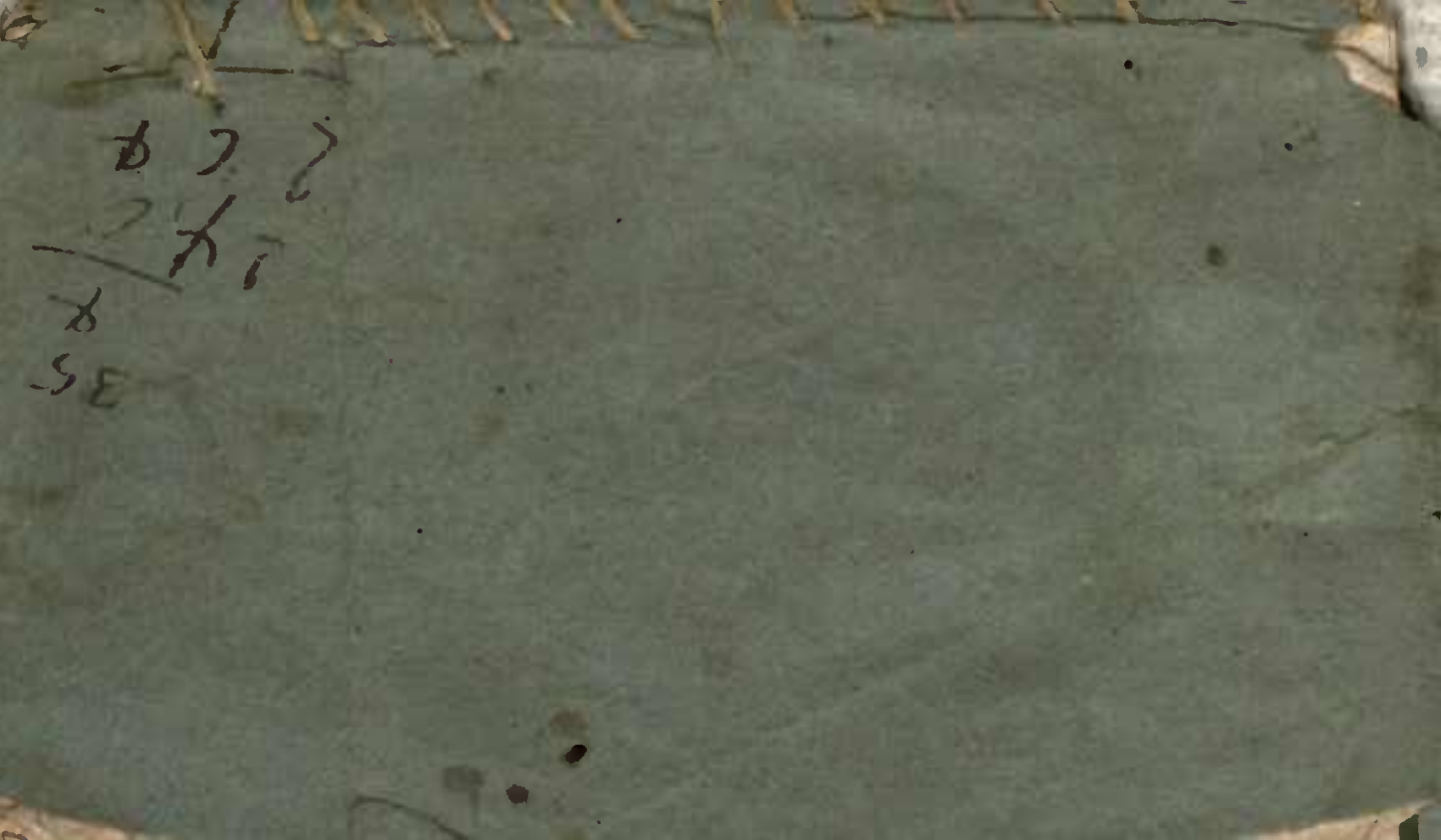

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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ELVAH KARSHNER

A

WALK

IN THE

HAY-FIELDS.

COOPERSTOWN:

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NOW we are come to farmer Cropwell's fields.

How fresh and green is this meadow !

A few days ago the grass was tall and thick, almost as tall as William

Then came the mowers and mowed it down with their bright scythes. Aud then the haymakers, who tossed it about with pitchforks till the sun and the wind dried it. And then they raked it up into heaps. Then the farmer sent his cart and horses into the field, and they loaded the cart with hay and carried it off.

It was a pretty sight, when the setting sun was shining on the hay-field, to see the last load carried out of the field. The men and boys jumped up into the cart with branches of trees in their hands, and some waved their hats and handker-

chiefs in the air. The boys walked after, raking up, as they went, any of the hay that dropped from the cart.

Now the field is quite empty. There is nobody to be seen ; and the quiet sheep are turned into it to eat the short green grass that is left,

Eat away, poor little sheep. We do not come to disturb you ;

we only want to pass on into the next field.

Now step over the stile; climb up to the top; do not be afraid. Now we are in the next field.

Here is a beautiful horse, saddled and bridled. He has

escaped from his rider, and broken into the field. What a noble creature! See how he gallops about, and lifts his head up in the air.

How will they catch this horse again? If any body were to run after him, he would fly to the other end of the field, and be out of reach in a moment.

But see! there is a man coming to catch the horse. Now we shall see how he will manage. He has got a measure full of corn. Now he is going gently towards him, calling him by his name, and saying, Come, Jock, come Jock, come

Jock. Now the horse sees the corn, and is coming towards him. There, he has passed arm over the horse's neck, and is putting on the bridle. And now this gay horse capers about no more. He is now quite gentle and obedient, and suffers himself to be led out of the field, without making the least resistance.

But the horse need not mind being caught. He will be carefully led to a warm stable, when his master has done riding him, and will have straw to lie upon, and nice corn and oats to eat. His master is fond of him, and proud of him,

and will not suffer him to be over-worked or ill used by any body. See, his master is now mounted on his back, and is riding off on the main road.

Now we are at the end of the field. This lane will lead us home. Here is a poor donkey by the road side, laden with panniers, or baskets, filled with vegetables, and other articles, for market. Poor pa-

tient creature! You do not look so happy as the horse.

You are taken out every morning, and have a heavy load to carry. And when you are so tired you can hardly drag your legs along, you are beaten with sticks. And when your hard day's work is over, you are turned out into the lane to make a meal upon thistles,

and have a heavy log tied to your leg, that you may not run away. *You* are not led to a warm stable. You have no corn to eat; no straw to lie down upon. You must stay here all night; and when the morning dawns you must go to your work again. And you do it all patiently and quietly.

And yet nobody is fond of you, and nobody is proud of you. Well, at least we will pity you, and remember never to teaze, or hurt you.

Here is another stile which we must get over. Now we have a fine pasture on our right hand, where you can see

sheep, cows and oxen feeding. There is a man mending the fence, to keep the cattle from getting out, and others from getting in. The grass is much shorter than in the meadows, because the horses and cows and oxen keep eating it off, which prevents it from growing tall.

How beautiful this pasture looks! so green and pleasant! And how happy the cows seem to be; some of them eating

grass, while others are lying in the shade, chewing their cuds. See, yonder is a boy chasing

a butterfly, instead of bringing the cows, which he was sent for. Foolish boy! he had better mind his business,

and drive home the cows, for Betty is waiting to milk them.

In the next field, there is a man ploughing. This is to prepare the ground for the seed. If the ground is not ploughed, we cannot sow the seed; and if the seed is not

put into the ground, then we shall have no wheat to make bread of, nor corn to make puddings, nor buckwheat to make pancakes.

We ought to be very thankful to the ploughman for his care and labor in preparing the ground, to raise all the good things which are necessary not only for our food, but our clothing also ; for from the flaxseed, flax is raised, of which our shirts are made, the sheets we sleep in, and may other necessary articles. And unless we raise hay, corn, pumpkins and potatoes, to feed the cows and sheep during the cold win-

ter, when there is no grass, you will neither have any milk for your supper, nor a good warm woollen jacket and trowsers to keep you warm.

But most of all, we should not forget the Almighty giver of all these good things; for without his kind and protecting care, the labors of the farmer would be of no use.

And now, after a very pleasant walk, we are almost at home. There is the hall door.

When we ring at that bell, some one will be ready to open it for us. And we shall walk into a neat parlour, and find the tea ready, and candles

lighted, and William's supper on the table. And his bed, a clean comfortable, warm bed, all ready.

THE END.